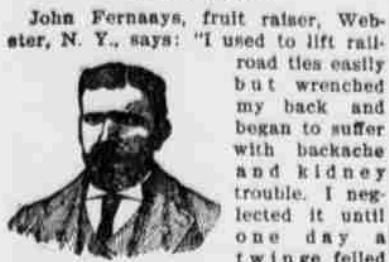


A GIANT LAID LOW.

Crippled and Made Ill by Awful Kidney Disorders.



John Ferns, fruit raiser, Webster, N. Y., says: "I used to lift railroad ties easily but wrenched my back and began to suffer with backache and kidney trouble. I neglected it until one day a twinge felled me like a log and made me crawl on hands and knees. I was so crippled for a time that I couldn't walk without sticks, had headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions were muddy and full of brick-dust sediment. Doan's Kidney Pills made the pain disappear and corrected the urinary trouble. I have felt better ever since." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Days of Cheap Rents.

Four shillings per annum was the rent of a five-roomed house in Henry VIII's time.

The Isthmian Canal.

Now that the Canal Treaty has been ratified, we may expect to see work resumed in a short time, and the great canal-ships, carrying huge loads of Pillsbury's Vitos to all parts of the world. By the way, have you ever eaten Vitos? You'll like it better than any other cereal food.

Guliotine for Rent.

The town of Lucerne has bought for \$200 Schaffhausen's old guliotine, and announces that it will lend it to other towns at \$5.50 an execution.

Here is Relief for Women.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered a pleasant remedy for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weakness, Backache, Kidney and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Jackdaw in Flywheel.

A pet jackdaw was missing in a large machinery shop near Kilmaronock, Scotland, the other day, but was found inside a large flywheel, after it had circulated for over two and a half hours at 176 revolutions a minute. The bird was unhurt.

Ever Hear of "Scotty" and His Record-Breaking Ride?

The story, briefly told, is this: Walter Scott, the Death Valley gold miner, made the trip from Los Angeles to Chicago last summer on a special train over the "Santa Fe" in less than 45 hours. That whirlwind train cost him more than \$6,000. It was the fastest long distance run ever made on a single line ever made on any American railway. It demonstrated beyond dispute that the Santa Fe track, equipment and employees are of the dependable kind. Probably you wouldn't care to ride so fast. You prefer the luxury of our three trains from Utah and Colorado to Everywhere East and Southwest.

Ask me for ticket rates and literature.

C. F. WARREN.

G. A. A. T. & S. F. Ry. 411 Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

There is something wrong with a man if his religion makes a pessimist of him.

TEA

It goes to the spot.

A man can afford to rejoice at his neighbor's good fortune—if it does not exceed his own.

Pino's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Bessley, Vanburn, Ind., Feb. 10, 1902.

A metropolis is a town of so much importance that it no longer has to brag about it.

Thanksgiving Rates.

"Hurrah for the fun, is the pudding done?"

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie."

Visit the old folks at home and enjoy the day's blessing free from care. One fare for the round trip between any station in Utah on the Salt Lake Route, Utah's most popular line. Tickets on sale November 29 and 30, good until December 1.

Brittany Marriage Custom.

Conspicuous among the adornments of the bridal feast in Brittany is an artistic and elaborate butter structure as fanciful and elegant as the most beautiful of cakes, and into this structure the guests stick split sticks bearing coins of gold or silver.

TEA

Poor tea is poor comfort; there is no difficulty in getting it good.

Trifles.

"I taught thee nothing is a trifle."—Tupper. "Trifles makes perfection, but perfection is no trifle."—Michael Angelo.

TEA

Schilling's Best is packed in a way to keep it good a long time; it is never loose.

Write for our Knowledge Book, A. Schilling & Company, San Francisco.

She Doesn't Need to Have Dollars. In every town it is said of the prettiest girl: "She has no sense."—Atchison Globe.

Look Out for Him



He's not too philanthropic When you come to know him well. His soul is microscopic. By the stories that they tell. A most unpleasant party; You would never guess his guile. With his handshake warm and hearty And his glad, bright smile.

You'd think his heart was glowing With uncalculating love. He's harmless to all showing As a gentle sucking dove. His talk is mighty taking; You are bound to like him while. Your right hand he's warmly shaking. With his glad, bright smile.

His manner's apt to win you If you've favors to bestow. He's more than apt to skin you If you give him half a show. He's a mixture of hyena. Wolf and shark, and crocodile. And the handshake makes it meaner. And the glad, bright smile.

—Chicago News.



(Copyright 1905 by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Bab sauntered down the little zig-zag path through the orchard to the dust-white road.

"Visiting on a farm is rather pleasant, but it has its drawbacks. One gets no opportunity to ride. The horses work all day and at night are too tired to be 'hooked up.' I'm going to ask the very first 'rig' that I meet take me in."

The tinkling of a bell roused her from her ruminations, and looking up, she saw a white, canvas-covered wagon coming. As it came nearer, she read: "A. Heimer. Fresh Baked Goods."

"How odd!" she thought. "A bakery wagon in the country?"

She stopped by the roadside and motioned to the driver to stop. A ruddy-faced, throat-whiskered old man beamed serenely upon her.

"Ah! Vat you wants?"

"What have you besides bread?"

"Cakes and pies."

"I will take half a dozen cakes."

When the transfer of coin had been effected, Bab asked him which way he was going.

"Rount mit der Forks rote, und py der riter rote. You go dat way already yet?"

"Yes, that is my way. May I ride with you?"

The hearty "Ja" induced Bab to climb to the seat beside him. The swift, little trot of the horse, the pretty passing scenes, the redolence of hay meadows without and the chatter of the simple old Dutchman were very pleasing to the city bred girl who had fled to her uncle's farm to find a refuge from the heartache consequent upon a returned engagement ring.

"What do people in the country buy bread for?" she asked. "Why don't they bake their own cakes and loaves?"

The old man shook his head. "Not for him to reason why, his simply to sell and buy," thought Bab.

At every farmhouse a customer was waiting for a goodly supply.

"That your gal, Heimer?" asked one farmer with a sly glance in Bab's direction.

"Have you a daughter?" asked Bab, when they had resumed their journey.

"Ja, Minna. She ist one good girl. She rites mit me like you. This is her hat, then."

From beneath the seat he brought forth a pink sunbonnet which it pleased Bab to substitute for her hat. The baker nodded his approval.

"Now you looks some like Minna. Her hair ist yellow like yours, but she does it mit braids."

Bab removed the sunbonnet, took out a lapful of pins and combs and made her hair into two heavy braids.

A turn in the road brought them in sight of a broad, shining river. The baker pointed to some tents on the bank in among the trees.

"I takes brod to the folks there. Then I comes back already."

"Haven't you got time, Heimer, to



"Oh! Vat you wants?"

come in and see about buying that cow?" called a lusty voice from the farmhouse they were passing.

"Whoa!" called the baker, reining up.

"Will you hold the horse, then?" he asked Bab.

"Yes; but why can't I deliver the goods to those folks that are camping down yonder and then return for you?"

"So? Dat is woot. Der pig lofes ist sieben cents, der leetle lofes, four cents, der cakes ist ten cents one dozens, and der pies ist ten cents."

"All right!" said Bab, touching up

the horse. "I wonder if the campers are city people or farmers?"

She turned into the road that led into the stretch of woods, and drove up to the back of the row of tents.

"Halloa, Heimer! Wie gehts! How many for pies?"

The young man who had come from the tent paused in astonishment at the vision of yellow braids and pink sunbonnet met his gaze.

"I beg your pardon, is Heimer—" "I am Minna Heimer," said a soft voice, "and I came to deliver the goods."

"Oh," he nodded understandingly.



"Now, tell me," he said sternly, "what this means."

as he continued to gaze in admiration at the fair young bakeress.

"What will you wish? Pies, cakes, bread—"

Before he could decide three youths appeared around the corner of the first tent and they surrounded the wagon. Bab knew at a glance they were city men and of her own class. Her modish shoes and skirt, belt, silver bag, etc., were covered by the dust robe. The white shirt waist, pink sunbonnet and yellow braids could clearly belong to Minna Heimer in their estimation, and she was quite enjoying the situation, returning their chaffing good naturedly, responding in fairly good German to their queries in that language. Suddenly another man appeared upon the scene. Bab's heart gave a great leap and she caught her breath sharply, as she bent her head over the box of bread.

So he, Rob Booth, had also fled from the scenes of their former happiness! In her confusion, the dust robe dropped as she half rose to take out the bread.

"Whew! Minna is up to date," laughed one of the men, spying the shining Oxford.

Bab kept the sunbonnet lowered, and resolved to disguise her voice should it be necessary to speak in the transaction of the business.

"How much for the brod, Minna?" asked one of them coming up close to the wagon.

"Der pig lofes ist sieben cents, der leetle lofes, four cents, der cakes ten cents, der dozen, un der pies, ten cents."

A shout of laughter went up at her transition from perfect English to the broken German.

"Oh, Minna, you're a darling. How much for a kias?"

The sunbonnet was raised now, and caution lost in anger. Two blazing eyes looked straight at the offender. Biff! The loaf of bread she was holding smote him sharply across the cheek, and she drove away without waiting for the purchases to be made.

Sounds of laughter, cries of "Good for you, Billy. You got what was coming, all right!" fell upon her ears. Once out of the woods, she had to slacken her pace, as there was a narrow place to turn. She heard the sound of some one running swiftly behind her. She urged anew the horse.

"Wait, Bab!" commanded a once-loved voice.

Another instant and he had sprung into the wagon and sat beside her.

"Bab, look up here!" She obeyed defiantly.

"Now, tell me," he said sternly. "What this means."

It really seemed good to hear again the imperious voice and commanding way she had so resented in days gone by.

"The baker let me ride with him," she said meekly, "and I put on his daughter's sunbonnet and braided my

hair to please him. He is up at the first farmhouse on the hill buying a cow, and I offered to come down here and deliver the bread. I didn't know it was a crowd of men. He said 'folks.'"

She had never before condescended to make explanations upon demand, and the young tyrant was quite mollified.

"Oh, well, Bab! Take off that sunbonnet!"

She sat immovable. "Please, Bab!"

She took it off demurely and donned her hat; then essayed to put up the braids.

"No!" he said. "I like them. I never saw your hair down before. You are a veritable Gretchen. Bab, tell me, why did you come down here in the country?"

"I don't know. I had to do something. I was—unhappy—"

"Bab, darling!"

"No!" she cried, warding off an approaching arm. "Why did you come?"

"Because I heard you were here." Bab now reined up at the farmhouse and the baker and farmer came out of the barnyard.

Rob got out and went up to the baker.

"I thought I'd come up and see if we could have your whole stock. Those fellows can't eat enough to satisfy them."

The bargain was closed and the goods handed over to him. Then he approached the farmer.

"Let me take your horse and buggy for the rest of the day, Wilson?"

"Sure," said the farmer. Then Rob turned to Bab.

"Come!" he said. And she came.

FLOOD OF GOLD IS PREDICTED.

Will Yellow Metal Ultimately Become Too Plentiful for Use as Money?

Will gold ultimately become too plentiful for use as money? Some persons think it will. The world's gold output was \$254,000,000 in 1900, \$262,000,000 in 1901, \$295,000,000 in 1902, \$325,000,000 in 1903, and \$350,000,000 in 1904. It will be \$400,000,000 in 1905.

How do we know that the \$400,000,000 mark will be reached in 1905? Because the chief gold fields of the world are more productive thus far in 1905 than they were in 1904. Last year the United States led all the countries, with an output of \$80,000,000, according to a writer in *Leitner's Weekly*. This year we are breaking all the records for this country.

The world in 1905 is producing just twice as much gold as it yielded in 1895, when the Nebraska, in the Chicago convention, started his little financial reign of terror. The "scramble for gold among the nations" which he dwelt on then has ended. Every country in the world which offers the right sort of security can get all the gold these days that it needs, except perhaps Russia, whose credit is hit hard by the Japanese war and by the menace of civic cataclysm.

The Nebraska's own country has more gold in 1905 than it can make profitable use of, and is lending it to every country which asks for it. Half a dozen countries have dropped silver since 1896 and have adopted the gold standard. Mexico did this in April, 1905. Every great nation in the world is on the gold basis to-day except China. Every small country is on the gold basis except half a dozen of the minor ones in Latin America, Asia and Africa, which do not count in the world's affairs.

Paints Wild Beasts' Eyes.

One of the oddest ways a young woman artist of this city has of adding to her income is the painting of the glass eyes that are fitted into the heads of wild animals sent to a taxidermist to be stuffed or mounted, says the *New York Press*. She is not called upon to paint these special eyes for the ordinary run of our native beasts. She only gets one of these orders when some sportsman has killed a panther, a grizzly, or a tiger—animals noted for the savage glare of their eyes. Then she takes all the pains she is capable of to get the "glare" just as savage as she can. Before she begins work she learns in just what attitude the beast is to be mounted, for it would never do to represent the animal with his eyes ablaze with the light of battle if he was to be portrayed as lying half asleep. The work does not pay well. Sometimes the artist gets only a dollar a pair for the eyes, while now and again she gets as much as \$2 a pair.

My Ship.

My ship has come and her sails are white. She's freighted with health and peace and love. She rides on the sea of pure delight. Where the sky bends gold and blue above. And ripples of gladness 'round her play. As she furls her snowy sails to-day.

I looked for her oft and waited long. But mist hung heavy and dark below. Sometimes I thought I could hear the song Of the seraph band, or caught the glow From their crowns of light, but doubt Obscured my beautiful ship for years.

But she's here at last, my ship, my ship. My beautiful ship of health and love; She's moored to the 'Rock of Ages' fast.

And Calvary's banner floats above. And I rest secure from death and sin. Since the day my beautiful ship sailed in.—Philadelphia, *Press*.

Feathers from the Ostrich.

Appropos of the vexed question of wearing feathers plucked from living birds in hats, it is comforting to know that the wearer of long ostrich feathers need have no qualms on the subject. The larger and more valuable feathers, which are in the wings and tail of the bird, are carefully cut off with scissors and the ends are left in the skin till they drop out.

CARE OF THE BODY

How to Acquire and Retain the Priceless Possession of Good Health

How to Ventilate.

With the advent of the cold weather the doors and windows are closed, largely shutting out the purifying influences of the fresh air which has so freely circulated through the house during the warmer season.

The rude habitations of our pioneer ancestors, with their capacious open fireplaces, were superior to our modern palatial dwellings in that there was always possible an abundant supply of fresh air. Houses of the present day in our civilized land are made as nearly air-tight as architectural skill can secure, and unless provided with some systematic mechanical means of ventilating, the indoor air is constantly contaminated with breath poisons and other impurities resulting from the heating and lighting and cooking within the house, so as to be a constant menace to the health of the inmates.

Probably the best means of providing the needed supply of fresh air, is the open fire with a wide-mouth chimney to act as ventilator. The open grate is likewise the most healthful means of heating a house; although so far as fuel alone is concerned, it is not the most economical. Weighed in the balance with the saving in health, however, it may be considered a matter of economy.

If other means of heating be employed, good ventilation can be secured only by some special arrangement for the incoming of fresh air and the outgoing of foul air. How this may be well accomplished is best told in the words of a well known authority on the subject: "The foul air outlet should be constructed on the plan of the fireplace—an opening near the floor connected with the chimney or an upright ventilating shaft, the top of which should extend above the roof like a chimney. The ventilating shaft should always be located in an inside wall, and, if possible, should be placed next to a chimney which is always warm. The chimney heats the duct and increases the draft."

"The opening for the outlet of impure air should be at the bottom of the room when the house is heated by a furnace or by other means which warms the fresh air before it is admitted to the rooms. If the fresh air is admitted cold, the foul air outlet should be at a higher level. The best point is perhaps at about four feet from the floor. This will secure a thorough admixture of the air. If the outlet is at the floor, the cold fresh air admitted to the room will pass out before it has been warmed and used, while the hot foul air will accumulate in the upper part of the room, and thus the change of air will be imperfect."

"Two openings must be provided to secure proper ventilation, one for the entrance of fresh air, the other for the exit of foul air. It is in every way better that the air should be heated, at least partially, before it enters the room, as this will to a large degree prevent the formation of a cold layer about the floor."

"There are too many Esaus who sell their birthright of health for a mess of pottage, and it is difficult to realize how much of the suffering and ill humor of life is due to not having learned to do without in the matter of eating and drinking."

Temper Powders.

Sir Lauder Brunton, a famous English physician and surgeon, is quoted by a special London cable to the *New York Herald* as recommending a "temper powder," consisting of bromide of potash and other drugs, which should be taken whenever one is subjected to "some irritating excitement," or "some depressing news," "to take away the sting of either, so that in the place of being much worried and unable to turn attention to other things, a person feels as if he had slept over the bad news or worry, and is able to obtain relief by turning his attention to something else."

According to this dispatch, Sir Lauder Brunton recommends the "temper powders" as a means of preventing "those constant explosions of temper on the part of a member of the family," which "may affect the health of the other members, who have their appetites spoiled, their digestion impaired, their nerves shattered, and their pleasures in life destroyed by the mental suffering induced by the irritable temper of another. For these patients the best treatment is to administer 'temper powders' to the offending person, when the distressing symptoms of the other members of the family will be relieved."

This is, indeed, an easy way out of trouble; but it is a dangerous expedient, and in the end will only make worse trouble, for the effects of bromide of potash and other stupefying drugs are to leave the subject in a state of increased irritation when the effects have worn off. In order to cure bad temper, then, by this plan, the only effective method would be to keep the patient under the constant influence of the bromide of potash, or opium, or some other nerve-depressing drug.

Bad temper, in a great proportion of cases, has for its foundation, indigestion, nervous exhaustion, or some other physical ill, which may be relieved by the removal of causes and the adoption of suitable physiologic measures. In certain cases, moral remedies are necessary, as well as physical.

Occupation for the Aged.

Quain, in his Medical Dictionary, arbitrarily defines advanced life as the period between sixty-two and eighty-two, and the time of old age beyond that period. But the infirmities of age are measured, not so much by length of days as by the integrity of the bodily functions, and the soundness of the organic structures.

The question, How much work is normal and rational for each? must be answered according to the past life and present condition of each individual old man or woman. For most old people, however, there is no employment better than work in a garden in which they have some commercial interest. Money, honestly earned and wisely spent, promotes health. The hoeing, weeding, trimming, gathering and marketing of the fruits and vegetables or flowers; the open air life, exercise in the sunshine among growing things; the healthy stimulus of planning the work, studying and talking to others of the best methods of gardening—what is most profitable to plant in that region, how the land should be fertilized, and where and when to sell the products—all this keeps the mind active.

Poultry raising and bee culture are also employments well adapted for those advanced in life who need to make work remunerative.

The main points for the aged to consider are: To avoid disease and premature failure of strength, not by increase of food and stimulants, as is often advised, but by cutting down and simplifying the diet in proportion to the decreased wear and tear of tissue, so that the intake will not exceed the output; to still maintain an interest in current thought and activities, and to select some occupation suited to their physical strength and their previous training and skill.

The secret of a healthy, useful, active old age is to know how to wear out life's waning energies normally, not to exhaust them prematurely by overwork, or, worse still, waste them by the rusting of needless inactivity.

There would seem to be little need in old age of destination and dependence on the county, were all the working classes to plan for a home in the country and a few acres of land, by saving money uselessly spent for such disease-producing, health-destroying articles as tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol, to say nothing of other injurious table luxuries. By a wise economy in the expenditure of money, and rational investment in a home, the old working man and woman would find themselves with a fund of health and strength equal to their day, and when no longer able to compete with a younger generation, they would still have useful, remunerative occupation on their own premises.

Shut Your Mouth.

Shut your mouth. Breathe through your nose. Never allow yourself, says a medical writer, unless positively necessary, to breathe through your mouth. The nose is made to breathe through. It is provided with hairs to sift the dust out of the air. It is provided with warming plates (turbinate bones) to temper the air. It is provided with apparatus for furnishing moisture to the air. All of this is quite essential before the air is drawn into the lungs.

Breathe through the nose. Shut your mouth. Man is a talking animal. He talks so much he forgets how to breathe through his nose. In singing, also, it is impossible not to breathe through the mouth.

A good, brisk walk in the morning, compelling yourself to breathe through the nose, is an excellent hygienic practice. At first it may be difficult, but persist in doing so. Think of it all day, whatever you are doing. Shut your mouth; breathe through your nose. Keep thinking about it until you have formed the habit. It may require quite an effort at first. Lazy people had better not try it. Some people are too lazy to breathe anyhow. They go around with their mouth open, like a fish. Keep your mouth shut. Breathe through your nose.

Bedroom Climate.

A person at the age of 60 years has spent about twenty years of his life in his bedroom. Have you investigated the average sleeping-room climate? If you were sent as a missionary to some distant point of the globe, of which was as unhealthy as that of the average bedroom, would you not feel that you were risking a great deal for the sake of the heathen?

On the tombstone of tens of thousands of those who have died from tuberculosis might appropriately be inscribed, "Disease and death were invited and encouraged by a death-dealing bedroom climate."

To show that this is no exaggeration, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that fully half of the tubercular patients treated in outdoor consumptive hospitals make a satisfactory recovery. Fresh air will not only cure the disease, but is certainly a wonderful preventive of it. It is not more reasonable deliberately to breathe impure air than it is to drink impure water or eat unwholesome food or wear infected clothing.

The national drink bill in England has fallen during the past five years by no less than \$6,940,062. This coincides, it is said, with the rapid growth of the tendency to eschew flesh food.—Physical Education.